Enter a ſeruingman.

Sir *Hu.* Fil me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,
Bruſ'd with an execution for my ſake, *Exit ſeruant*
Mr. A bruſe indeed makes many a mortall *for wine.*
Sore till the graue cure em

Enter with wine.

Hu. Sir I begin to you, y'aue chid your welcome:
Mr. I could haue wiſht it better for your ſake
I pledge you ſir, to the kind man in priſon.
Hu. Let it be ſoe?
Now Sir if you ſo pleaſe *Drink both.*
To ſpend but a fewe minuts in a walke
about my grounds below, my man heere ſhall attend you. I doubt not but by that time to be furniſht of a ſufficient auſwere, and therein my brother fully ſatiſfied.

Mr. Good ſir in that, the Angells would be pleaſd,
And the worlds murmures calmd, and I ſhould ſaye
I ſet forth then vpon a lucky daie. *Exit.*

Hu. Oh thou confuſed man? thy pleaſant ſins haue vndone thee thy damnation has beggerd thee? that heauen ſhould ſay we muſt not ſin, and yet made women: giues our ſences waie to finde pleaſure, which being found confounds vs, why ſhold we know thoſe things ſo much miſuſe vs--oh would vertue had been forbidden wee ſhould then haue prooued all vertuous, for tis our bloude to loue what were forbidden, had not drunkennes byn forbidden what man wold haue

haue been foole to a beaſt, and Zany to a ſwin
ſhow tricks in the mire, what is there in t
dice to make a man draw thrice three thouſand a
into the compaſſe of a round little table, & with
gentlemans palſy in the hand ſhake out his po
ritie thieues or beggars tis done I ha dont yf
terrible horrible miſery.——————how
was I left, very well, very wel.
My Lands ſhewed like a full moone about mee,
nowe the moon's ith laſt quarter, wayning, waini
And I am mad to think that moone was mine.
Mine and my fathers, and my forefathers gener
ons, generations: downe goes the howſe of vs, do
downe it ſincks: Now is the name a beggar, beg
me that name which hundreds of yeeres has m
this ſhiere famous: in me, and my poſterity runs
In my ſeede fiue are made miſerable beſides
ſelfe, my ryot is now my brothers iaylor, my wi
ſighing, my three boyes penurie, and mine own c
fuſion: *Teares his ha*
Why ſit my haires vpon my curſed head?
Will not this poyſon ſcatter them? oh my broth
In execution among deuells that ſtretch him: & m
him giue. And I in want, not able for to lyue.
Nor to redeeme him,
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell,
But in my heart her ſeuerall torments dwell,
Slauery and myſery.
Who in this caſe would not take vp mony vpo
ſoule, pawn his ſaluation, liue at intereſt: